1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Eve and Epiphany (December 24–January 6). It is preceded by a week's fast, which formerly lasted forty days, ending on Christmas Eve. Throughout much of Greece it is traditional to kill a pig for Christmas, although in many villages of Thessaly people are satisfied with fowl. Indispensable is the *Christopsoma* (Bread of Christ), a large round loaf, with a cross formed of dough in the middle and with four chestnuts on each side and a fifth in the center. This is a leavened loaf but without any sugar, although in the cities it is so highly decorated with candied fruits that it resembles a sweet loaf. Special Christmas cakes as well as a number of other dishes are also prepared for the occasion.

Christmas Eve is a time for caroling, or the *kalenda*. The carols are about the birth of Christ, the joy that is spread all over the world, "so good master give us something so that we can enjoy with ease Christmas Day." In some parts of Greece adults as well as children go caroling. In addition to triangles which they play while singing, the children may carry little paper ships or houses and lighted lanterns. The carolers in the cities receive coins or sweets, but in the villages they are content with currants and nuts. They avoid homes that are in mourning, although earlier in the day many people have probably visited the cemeteries with offerings of food for the dead.

On Christmas Day itself the more devout go to the early communion service and then on to the home of the eldest relative (if he is very poor, then to the home of the richest relative). Here, in Thessaly at least, they drink *kokorozoumo*, a boullion made from boiled chicken, lamb, and beef, to which a lemon flavoring has been added. In Macedonia, a traditional dish is *dolmades*, or stuffed pickled cabbage leaves prepared on Christmas Eve and allowed to simmer in a sauce pan on a low fire all night. The men in particular drink a great deal of liquor throughout the day and generally end up inebriated, partly because they have been to call on those named Christos or Christina and been duly treated. Christmas Day, though not a time for exchanging gifts, is a special occasion to be celebrated.

Yet throughout this whole twelve-day period many of the peasants reveal an unusual anxiety, for they believe that the Evil Eye is unusually active at this time. Windows and doors must be kept shut so that bad spirits will not bring in illnesses of any kind; furthermore, these spirits — called *kallikantzari* — are usually mischievous as well. They are supposed to be little men with goats' feet, enormous heads, and big ears; they are black, for they come down the chimney which must be kept closed. To be on the safe side, it is well to put a little sugar and a glass of water by the fireplace for them to eat and drink and thus be less inclined to do harm. Every village literally teems with stories about the kallikantzari at this time of year and details differ greatly as to their appearance and pranks. Their presence is

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

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The second, third, and fourth of January are ordinary working days, but on January 5 people expect a half-day off since it is Epiphany Eve, at which time children also sing the kalenda about the baptism of "the child of God." There is a five o'clock service in the morning at which occurs the first blessing of the waters. Those in attendance have brought jugs or cups for the blessed water which they take home to use in curing the sick or preventing the Evil Eye during the year. But on Epiphany itself occurs the most spectacular second blessing of the water, done in front of everybody at the church or near some body of water into which the cross is thrown. Swimmers are ready to dive in after it and struggle for its possession. The one who succeeds in gaining it is not only assured of good luck during the year but he can pass throughout the crowd and even the community to collect money from those solicited.

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On Epiphany the priest visits the homes of the parish to bless each room by sprinkling holy water there, thus guaranteeing that all kallikantzari[1] have been exorcised and chased back to their lairs beneath the earth until the next Twelve Days comes around.

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Easter brings with it a wealth of customs, a blend of the pagan and the Christian, which are lightened by the coming of spring and the renewal of nature. Although they are "all of a piece" in the peasant mind, they can be best understood by the outsider in terms of Carnival, Lent, and Holy Week.

Carnival begins nine weeks before Easter and runs for three weeks. The second week is climaxed by Meat Sunday and the third week by Cheese Sunday. This is the time for weddings which otherwise could not take place until after Easter; this is the time for masquerades, although these are less pronounced in the villages than in the cities; this is also the time when family groups get together for little feasts before the Great Fast starts forty days before Easter. The last two Saturdays of Carnival and the first Saturday of Lent are *psychosabbata,* or memorial days for the dead. On the Thursday of the middle week of Carnival, members of the family, bringing their own food with them, gather in the home of the eldest relative to have a special meal, and on this occasion they allow some dish to scorch on the stove and smell up the house in the belief that this will bring good luck. This day is called *tsichnopempti,* since *tsichna* stands for the odor of burning flesh.

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Meat Sunday is the eighth one before Easter (the villagers count Easter as one of the Sundays). On this day the people are supposed to start doing without meat products for the Lenten period. On the following Sunday, called Cheese Sunday, the forbidden foods are broadened to include milk products as well. This latter holiday is especially colorful in many parts of Greece, for on this day the village boys prepare piles of wood on various heights to be lit after dark. This is also the day for visiting older relatives

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1 [These are bad spirits – ANALYST]

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783 788 because the mere act of bringing whatever they had to contribute gave them an emotional uplift.

793 But still we had not seen the end of the bishop's good works. In 1949 he had organized a home for the aged where seventy elderly people live in [737] relative comfort. The most ambitious project of all, however, was a polytechnic school started for the youth of the area. He had already spent about [874] $37,000 on the first floor alone. The school had opened the previous [177] November (1952) and already had two hundred pupils. Here was an institution that the Marshall Plan had helped. The school bore the name Papaflessa, in honor of one of the Greek patriots of the war of independence. [743] While looking over this school we also learned about one more activity, a hospital of one hundred and fifty beds whose foundation had just recently been laid by the bishop and his coworkers.

793 794 457 The financing of even one of these undertakings, not to say the whole complement of institutions, would be a staggering task in any country, especially in one as poorly endowed as Greece. Although the bishop never confided the secret of his success, I heard from others that skillful diplomacy had stood him in good stead. He would start with a certain amount that he could take from his bishop's fund; he would then go to Athens and persuade the people in the Welfare Ministry that local people would match the funds of the central government if it would contribute; then, back home, he would call together the leading businessmen and say that he could get so much from the central government if they would put up such-and-such an amount. Since all parties did their share, he was able to get the necessary money for capital expenditures.

793 794 For the operation of these institutions, and their total number of inmates or patients is considerable, he draws upon other resources. Some of the people in his diocese upon death will to some specified institution their [428] homes, olive groves, or money. Instead of having an expensive memorial [769] service, with several priests, for a dead relative at the stated periods required by the church, the people are having simple memorial services and giving the difference in what they would pay to an institution; instead of buying expensive wreaths, they are giving the money to the foundling home, the sanatorium, or perhaps the old people's home. The bishop, too, has organized the rural parishes so that each parish turns over olive oil, meat, cheese, and eggs to a person who collects this produce and distributes it to the institution. Or, as already mentioned, some of the people want to bring their contributions in person. Many are asked to donate labor: one builds a door, another puts in windows, and everybody has a sense of participating.

Visiting the bishop raised many questions in my mind about all that I had learned in America about modern child-welfare practices, care of the [748] aged, and the like. Social work as a profession is just getting a start in Greece; much humanitarian activity is carried on by upper-class women of

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

the cities in the spirit of *noblesse oblige*. Under the circumstances in Greece today, nothing could seem more natural to the local people than to have the church, in the person of a gifted bishop, work out arrangements to meet their pressing welfare needs. How such a complicated network of institutions would be kept going should the energetic bishop not be around was a matter that gave one pause; but one must live in the present when human lives are at stake, and that is what the bishop was doing. He was following a well-established practice in making the church the channel for helping others.

The kind of help called *psychiko* is done for the soul, for the forgiveness of the souls of one's dead loved ones; it is customarily given in the form of helping the poor members of the community — the sick, the widows, and the orphans — out of purely Christian feeling. When some family is suffering misfortune in a village, the priest announces the fact in church and invites those who can help to do so. This is a form of aid in which those helping are not usually repaid, which makes it differ from the kinds of mutual aid discussed in an earlier chapter. In Koroni, in the western Peloponnesos, for instance, if a widow needs a crop harvested or threshed, grapes picked, or some field work done, the priest will announce that on such and such a day this widow has *xelassi*, as this arrangement is called, and those who wish can go to help. She feeds them, but they derive a spiritual rather than a material benefit from the work they contribute.

Or in Epirus, some important member of the community, not the priest, may send out the town crier or field guard to call from some height: "Listen, village, tomorrow we will carry from the mountain some wood for the home of Kyra Tassena, the widow of Tasso. All those who have mules must send them and those who haven't got any must come to help. Nobody must be missing." [18] He will then close with the proverb, *tona cheiri nivi talo kai ta dio to prosopo* (the one hand washes the other, and both of them the face).

Sundays and holidays, days on which peasants are not supposed to work in their own fields, are quite suitable for psychiko, or work done for the good of one's soul. D. A. Petropoulos, on whose article much of this discussion of psychiko is based, maintains that what characteristically distinguishes Christian philanthropy from ancient Greek philanthropy is that the first connects religion with the salvation of the soul, while in the ancient days help was given out of a purely logical understanding in order to have a normal social and communal system.[19]

The transition from this method of dealing with human need to the professional approach of contemporary social work is quite a leap. What progress is being made in training social workers in Greece is through the Young Women's Christian Association (but this again is a semireligious attachment), or through the Queen's Fund, providing scholarships at Pierce College.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

not well is ever present; and the dying man laments that he must see the sun no more, nor the light of the moon, the mountains, the shade of plane-trees, and the cool fountain because in Hades there breaks no dawn, and sings no bird, and no fountains of water flow." [19]

This same theme is brought out in the tradition which the villagers call the "water of forgetfulness."

> Each person upon dying goes to the underworld. There he starts crying and is in despair because he died and had to leave the world which still seems so sweet to him. The other dead laugh at him. This happens for just one day because the other dead feel sorry for the newcomer, take him to a spring and tell him to drink some water. After he has had some he in his turn forgets the upper world and laughs at the newcomers who come later on. This happens to all who die.[20]

When a person is believed to be dying, a candle is lit, probably so the soul will be sure to have some light as it moves into the other world. If any of this candle remains after a person dies, according to some village people, for three successive days you must put water in a little coffee cup and light the candle for ten minutes after sunset. You then take the water and throw it outside where nobody will be apt to walk on it. You also cut a narrow piece from the shroud and tie three knots in it, placing it in front of the icon. For three days you untie one of the knots and then sew the piece of cloth in the shirt of one of the male members of the family, who wears this piece until the shirt wears out. In the Naupaktos area, after a person dies all windows and doors are closed so death cannot get out. One person of the household shouts, "Death, leave the old man [or whoever is dead]." This is repeated many times in the hope that death can hear. It is done, the people say, to keep death from coming again to take someone else from that home.[21] Such shouting is not the custom in all parts of Greece, however.

What one does find quite generally in the rural areas, however, is the *myriologion*, or funeral dirge, which the women of the household and those from the neighborhood begin to sing as soon as death has come. Some of these have been conventionalized to the point that several women may all know the same dirge for a husband, child, or mother, and sing parts of it in turn rocking back and forth; in some parts of Greece the women improvise dirges in keeping with the prescribed musical form. These songs, sung in the house before burial, at the grave at stated intervals after death, or even as a woman is passing by the cemetery, may consist of questions put to the dead: "Why did you leave us?" "Why did you go so soon?" "How do you think the house can get on without you?" [22] Those myriologia that have traditional content passed on from generation to generation are the source of many of the popular beliefs about the afterlife, and they illustrate as well as any aspect of Greek rural life the persistence of pre-Christian

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Throughout Greece, even in the cities, people never go to their own home or a friend's home from a funeral without first stopping somewhere for a sweet. In many villages it is the custom to wash one's hands before entering the house.

The official period of mourning lasts for two years. Part of the complex of traits connected with mourning is the Feasts of the Dead held at fixed periods, such as the eighth and the fortieth day after burial. Similarly, on the anniversary of the death a feast of remembrance is held. On such occasions the grave is decorated with flowers, a mass is sung, and offerings of *kollyva* are made in the church. Kollyva is "parboiled wheat mixed with pounded walnuts, raisins and parsley, and covered over with a coating of sugar, with the sign of the cross, and sometimes the initials of the deceased worked on it in raisins. The wheat is interpreted as a symbol of the resurrection: as the grain is buried in the earth, rots, and rises again in the shape of a blooming plant, so will the soul rise from the tomb. . . ." [34]

In addition to these ceremonies for deceased individual members of a family, the Greek villagers also have collective feasts for the dead known as Souls' Sabbath (*psychosavvata*), which correspond roughly with spring and harvest, or the life and death cycle of the year. Relatives visit the graves where they leave sweetmeats, parboiled grain, and cakes, and where they kneel and cry beside the tombs as the priests read prayers over them. It is a memorable experience for a foreigner to come unexpectedly upon a graveyard where as many as one hundred and fifty people are wailing over different graves and to see the priests in their colorful robes and with their swinging censers move from one small group to the next.

Priests when they die are treated differently. With an ordinary person the bowl used when the dead are washed for burial is broken and thrown away; but with the priest (in Spetsai at least) it cannot be broken, but is thrown into the sea. The priest's body is not put in a shroud but is dressed by another priest in a *peritrachelion*, or stole which a priest wears when he hears confessions. Also, the first book from which the priest read after becoming a priest is put in the coffin with him. There is another difference, too. At the end of three years after burial, it is customary to dig up the bones of the deceased and wash them in wine and water, but the bones of a priest are washed with oil. When the bones are disinterred, they are put in a basket and taken home to be put under a table on which there is boiled wheat. The priest reads a prayer; the people kiss the skull, put it in the box with the other bones, and this is put in a vault in the cemetery.

Much is made of the condition of the bones. If they are yellowish-brown, this means that the person lived a good life; if they are black, he lived badly. It is also considered a bad omen if the body has not disintegrated.

An excellent summary of the way the peasant fits death into the general scheme of things comes from a study by V. T. Valassis:

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346 361 764 [783] [312] Generally, in the old villages the church is in the outskirts. To the back of the church is the cemetery, which is walled to keep out both wild predatory animals and farm animals. For Greeks it is a sin to step on a grave. The church may have a belltower, or the bell may be hung from the branch of an old tree. There is always a well in the churchyard and the cemetery of the old village. It is used as drinking water and for the purification after a burial. The main church of the old village must be the tallest, the largest, and the best-constructed building of the village. This signifies respect for God; the past is not forgotten. This is very much after the pattern of the ancient Greeks who built their shrines as the best buildings while they themselves lived in huts. . . .

Both the church and the cemetery of the old village must be located in a landscape of natural beauty and scenery. Thus faith, worship, and death are in close relation with the natural scenery.[25]

[178] [769] But Valassis adds a discordant note. The new churches are now being constructed in the center of the village, while the cemeteries remain on the outskirts. No longer, therefore, do the peasants, after a Mass or ceremony, go to the graveyard to pay respect to their ancestors.

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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and his mitre in its brass box, were borne away to the church on a flood of ragged boys, and we followed rather more sedately while the bells jangled in the tower. The Metropolitan went straight to his throne on the south side of the church after vesting in the open narthex, and I was led to the stall on his right, immediately beneath the great eikon of the Pantocrator in the dome. The church had been recently redecorated and a gay diaper pattern now covered every part of the interior that was not frescoed. Not for the first time I was struck by the contrast between the comeliness and colour of the village church and the squalid dwellings which surrounded it. The little groups of people who had followed us up the stony path from the *mesochori*, or village-square, crowded into the church, setting up their candles before the eikons of our Lord and His Mother, bringing loaves bearing the seal "Jesus Christ conquers" and wine for the offering, oil for the lamps and lists of relatives and friends, both living and departed, to be commemorated at the liturgy that morning. The parish priest came with the singers and the verger to ask the Bishop's blessing, and the morning office (the first part of which had been sung before our arrival) was taken up again.

While the Magnificat was being sung, the parish priest went all about the building censing the holy things and the holy people with a proper indiscrimination, and when the great doxology was reached the sacristan ran down the church and set the three chandeliers swinging in alarming fashion while the belfry again resounded to the clash of metal. Mattins gave place to the divine liturgy; the church became more and more crowded till the people filled the narthex and overflowed down the steps into the path outside. The scouts arrived; the chandeliers swung more slowly, scattering drops of molten wax upon the heads of the congregation and splashing the strip of brightly coloured carpet which extended from the holy table down into the midst of the church; the incense and the venerable prayers rose to heaven, and the children scrambled up the stair leading to the high pulpit or balanced on the backs of the stalls occupied by their grandfathers.

The Epistle (from St. Paul's letter to the Philippians), was read by the chief singer, or *psaltes*, a soldier from the garrison at Nevrokopi who had learned the traditional chant in some village church on Pangaion, overlooking the ruined basilica where "the saints in Christ Jesus which were in Philippi" celebrated in their day that same holy offering in which we at Dasoto were taking part. There, like the ragged boys who now pressed upon him from all sides, he had joined with slowly growing

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788 796 west—been reduced to a mere shadow of its former self. Is not the Greek Christian for all practical purposes a mere passive onlooker at a gorgeous spectacle performed by the resplendent ministers: even though the sacred participants in the divine drama sometimes descend from their apron stage and mingle with the audience?

It must be admitted that the average Greek layman communicates very rarely, often only once or twice a year; outside the immediate sphere of influence of the movements, hardly ever more than four times. This reluctance of the laity to communicate frequently is a phenomenon which has been common to east and west from a very early period—though in the west (among Orthodox of the diaspora as well as amongst western Christians) there has been a widespread return to something more nearly approaching primitive practice. Its causes are complex and, to a great extent, a matter for speculation. One factor which is peculiar to the east is the place which the *antidoron* has come to occupy. It would be an over-simplification to say that the blessed bread which the Greek Christian is accustomed to receive at the end of every liturgy is consciously looked upon as a substitute for the holy communion; nevertheless, the *antidoron* has a deep significance for the Greek layman —more, perhaps, than in other parts of the Orthodox world.

The reluctance to communicate frequently does not, as we can see from the history of certain movements within western Christendom, necessarily spring from carelessness and sloth; often it is due to a sense of unworthiness which is none the less real though it be considered misguided. Even in reforming circles in Greece to-day one discovers great wariness on the part of the clergy in recommending frequent, let alone daily, communion to their people. This is not, it is held, a matter [783] to be undertaken lightly, or without the advice and approval of an experienced confessor; and few priests will permit their penitents to communicate as often as once a month unless they are satisfied that the desire goes hand in hand with a real determination to follow Christ in their daily life. To communicate every Sunday is regarded as an inestimable privilege, but one which is hardly for all men.

[782] [769] [369] Then we must not ignore the part played by the ordinary Christian in the offertory. In the country districts of Greece the housewife who bakes her bread on Saturday will set aside one loaf upon which she has stamped with a wooden seal a traditional design wherein the words "Jesus Christ conquers"—abbreviated to I(HCOY)C . X(PICTO)C . NI . KA—constitute the most prominent feature. Early on Sunday

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morning she will set out for the parish church with her loaf, and arriving whilst the singers are still chanting the morning psalms, and taking it to the door of the chapel where the elements are prepared, she will hand it to the priest together with a vessel of wine, the family diptychs —or lists of relatives and friends, both living and departed, to be commemorated by name at the holy eucharist—and perhaps a flask of oil for the lamps and a few grains of incense. Even in an urban parish church the faithful may purchase a sealed loaf at the counter in the narthex where candles are sold, and send it to the celebrant with their diptychs.

It is frequently asserted that the offering of the people disappeared from the eastern liturgies at an early date. One can only marvel at the number of eminent scholars who have been led astray in this matter through failure to distinguish clearly between the offertory procession of the Roman rite and the offering itself. The procession never found a place in the Byzantine rite, which retained the older practice of presenting the bread and wine informally before the commencement of the eucharistic liturgy. So widely-used a liturgical handbook as the late Dr. Srawley's *Early History of the Liturgy* asserts that "the offerings of the people, which consisted partly of bread and wine, out of which the elements of the eucharist were taken, and partly of alms . . . continued in the west longer than in the east".[1] In actual fact the offering of the people has never disappeared from the Byzantine liturgy and may still be witnessed in any Greek village church on the Lord's day.

But even though it be admitted that the offering of the bread and wine makes the ordinary people something more than mere passive spectators at a gorgeous pageant, it may yet be said that from very early times the rightful liturgy of the laity has in practice been transferred to the choir: the common people hardly open their mouths from one end of the eucharistic liturgy to the other. Now it is true that congregational singing as practised in the west is so rare among the Greeks as to be almost unknown. Only on one of the great festivals of the Church's year will the whole congregation take up the melody of some ancient hymn: the paschal anthem *Christ is risen from the dead*, for example, or the dismissal hymn at the Epiphany. Normally those parts of the liturgy which properly belong to the laity are in fact sung by the *psaltai* or trained singers —and this applies even to the responses to the petitions of the litanies.

[1] 2nd edition, Cambridge, 1949, p. 127. Dom Gregory Dix and Professor Burkitt have already been taken to task on this issue by the Archimandrite Alexis van der Mensbrugghe.

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week-end. Conversation turned to the subject of the parish clergy; Papa Athanasi was a whole-hearted admirer of the new system; he was not one who could learn only from the Lord or rest content with a mere facility in turning the pages of the service-books:

"The divine liturgy, *Kyrie Petre*, can be gabbled through by a man who is all but illiterate: we are called to be shepherds, and a shepherd has need of great knowledge and wisdom."

Next morning Father Athanasius celebrated the holy mysteries in the village church. It was one of the Saturdays of all souls, and the priest's daughter was early astir, making preparations for the commemoration of departed relatives and friends. Before the service was ended I left for the neighbouring village of Sydendron, where the curate, Papa Constantinos, introduced himself as "the priest who bore the machine-gun in the sacred company of the despot". St. Nicolas, Sydendron, had been a fine church, apparently dating from the sixteenth century. It had survived the years of occupation only to be set on fire by the Communists on the night of July 25th, 1947. The ancient frescoes were slowly crumbling away, but sufficient remained to show something of the former splendour of the church.

I lunched at the presbytery and rode on to Amygdalies in the early afternoon. Most of the village's 200 children seemed to be dancing barefoot in the sun outside their newly opened school: a nissen hut erected on the site of the building destroyed by the Germans in July, 1943. A huge new church was in process of construction, but work was at a standstill through lack of funds, and the liturgy had to be celebrated in a brick chapel hastily constructed in 1946 within the walls of the unfinished church. Being anxious to reach Aghios Georgios before nightfall I resisted the efforts of the parish priest to persuade me to stay the night at Amygdalies, and as twilight deepened into darkness came clattering down the steep slopes to the stream where a few children still lingered, on a mule which I would have pitted even against Urquhart's Aristotle, and dismounted outside the house of the president.

Aghios Georgios was one of the only two villages in the diocese of Grevena where the population had remained throughout the troubled years which followed the end of the occupation, and had, moreover, afforded shelter to many refugees from other communities. The church—a massive structure dating from the middle of the nineteenth century—stood on rising ground in the centre of the village. The

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their humble houses and subsistence level of living the people like to build beautiful churches with high steeples and decorate them /81/ with as many ikons and church bells they can. The people [316] of Megali Vrisi not being satisfied with the structure of the present church have already quarried stone from the nearby hills for their [794] future church structure. When the farmers were notified to offer personal work for the church they did it without complaint.

The people look up to the church as an institution which gives 771 them hope and courage in times of disappointment and discouragement. [783] Once a year a confession is made in the church in front [796] of the ikons and the priest. People tell of their bad acts and forgive those that caused them trouble. All wedding ceremonies, baptisms and name day celebrations take place in the church.

Attendance. Women and children attend the church regularly. 794 The men are rather irregular in their attendance. This is not 796 due to their negligence nor to their failure to respect the church, but is due to the long church services that last for three hours. The people get tired of going to the church. Most attend the last part of the services. In spite of the variety of music and ceremonial activities, the church is losing /82/ attendance. Men like to know what they hear in the church, and since it is all abstract to them they prefer to stay out and send their wives and children.

With the increase of modern scientific beliefs by the farmers, the church will be forced to change its course and adopt itself to the new social changes.

The membership is obligatory. Every one born in the village 794 becomes a member. It is not necessary to keep in books the names of the members since the whole population of the village naturally belongs to the church.

Contributions. Every family has to contribute for the support of the priest and for the upkeep of the church. This contribution is paid in kind. Besides this the church has voluntary donations [769]. by people whose prayers are answered, and by others for the

/82 cont./
peaceful rest of their dead. They donate to the church either money or wheat. On St. Nicolas day, the people from remote villages bring either a chicken, a pig, a cow, a calf, a sheep, or a goat to the church as a present. Numerous animals are lined in the yard of the church which are sold in auction the same day. /83/ Every Sunday morning at the church service a tray is passed to the people for contributions. The selling of candles brings an appreciable amount of money. The church has its fields which are either worked or hired to others to swell the income of the church.

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Part VIII Living Together.

Mutual aid. Both groups, the Thracians and the Caucasians, before settling in this village had a civilization of their own. The isolation of the Caucasians in the interior part of mountainous Caucasus has developed a unique type of civilization mostly built around their community life. Here they had the compound type of family organized under the direct rule of the oldest in the family. In spite of the large number in the family the work was divided every day among all. Every one did his best with no complaint. The men gave blind obedience to the head of the family and the women to the mother. The obedience was so strict that misunderstanding would seldom occur. Every one was specialized in his or her own work. All buying and selling was done by the head of the family. No one could smoke, speak, nor could sit by the head of the family unless told to do so. A strictly military type of rules were observed. The father decided the marriage age of his son and this usually would coincide with the need of more labor in the family. Sometimes /84/ the need for labor was so great that the age of 15 was thought practical to give the solution for extra labor. The grandma was responsible for the education of the children either in household work or school work. The children call their mother by her first name and instead, call the grandma, mother.

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2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Greece EHJ

The Patron Saint

mummified remains were brought from the Church of the Archangel Michael as soon as the ships had sailed, and carried in a thanksgiving procession round the town.

Spiridione was a shepherd of Cyprus who became first a monk and then a bishop. He was born as long ago as the third century after Christ, and was one of the members of the celebrated Council of Nicæa in the year 325. According to legend he attended the meetings of the council carrying a brick—(did the holy man intend to use the brick as an argument ?)—and from this brick issued a magical stream of water and fire. From this time forward many miracles were attributed to him, so that after his death in the year 350 his relics were very highly prized. His body was exhumed, and after many vicissitudes reached Constantinople, whence it was brought to Corfu by a priest named Kalaichairetis and placed in the church of the Archangel Michael, where it still lies. This was in 1456. With Spiridione came the embalmed body of St. Theodora—also, apparently, the property of Kalaichairetis—which was placed in the cathedral. When Kalaichairetis died, he bequeathed Spiridione to his two eldest sons and Theodora to his youngest son. The latter, being a public-spirited individual, presented Theodora to the community

Spiridione, however, was handed down from generation to generation, and is at the present day the property of a well-known Corfiote family, who derive from the relics, so it is said, an income varying from £1,000 to £2,000 a year, made up of offerings from devout believers. The head of

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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769 792 the family is always a priest and has charge of the church in which the relics rest, and, as I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of a Greek lady who knew the family well, I was able to arrange through her to visit the church on a certain morning and to have the sarcophagus opened for my benefit. She accompanied me herself, and brought with her two friends, a young man and a young woman, who had begged to be allowed to join the party on what was evidently a very unusual occasion.

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PRIEST OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH

The interior of the church[1] was cool and pleasant after the yellow glare of the Corfu streets. From the painted roof hung magnificent lamps of hammered silverwork, and on the shining parquet floor stood two massive candelabra—offerings, like the lamps, from those who had benefited, or believed they had benefited, by the intercession of the saint. As is customary in the Greek Church, there were no pews or chairs other than seats round the wall, and the building gained greatly in dignity by their absence. Pictures, deep-toned and mellow with age, decorated the walls.

771 While we were waiting for the sacristan to announce our arrival to the priest, a constant stream of worshippers entered the church—men, women, and children. With every appearance of devotion, they made a pilgrimage from one sacred object to the other, kissing each in turn, and finally entering

[1] [containing relics of Spiridi'-150 one, see cat 116, pp. 149-150.—Analyst]

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Greece EH1

Priestcraft

the little shrine which shelters the sarcophagus of Spiridione, 771
to kneel there and pray. The evident genuineness of their faith was impressive, and I began to feel rather ashamed of the vulgar curiosity which was the chief reason for my presence.

The great moment arrived, and we in our turn went 764
into the shrine. The sarcophagus[1] rich with embossed silverwork and jewels, shone in the light of the candles which surrounded it. It stood on a raised dais or step, and seemed to fill the whole space, so big was it and so small the shrine. We four stood in a row, with our backs to the entrance. There was room for us and for one other worshipper, and no more. The latter, a woman, knelt devoutly in the gloom beside us. One by one my companions crossed themselves and reverently kissed the sarcophagus. Then we waited in silence.

The priest and his acolyte came in by a side door. The 769
priest, a tall and exceedingly good-looking man of grave mien and dignified aspect, took up his position at one end of the sarcophagus. The acolyte stood at the other. With slow and reverent movements, the priest unlocked the lid, raised it, and let down the side which faced us. He then opened a square panel in the upper surface of the coffin, and placed near it a saucer containing something that resembled dried leaves, possibly a disinfectant. Each gesture, each deliberate movement, conveyed the idea of intense devotion and intense reverence—and yet this man, this officiating priest, was actually the owner of the relics before him, and

1[of Spiridione, see cat. 116, pp. 149-151 151 --Analyst]

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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769 derived from them a very good income. I found it difficult to reconcile the two facts.

In a very beautiful voice he began to intone a service. Every phrase told, every inflection had meaning. There was no conventional and unctuous mouthing of words. The bent head, the flowing lines of the robe, the gentle movements in making the sign of the Cross, the beautiful voice rising and falling, all were in their way perfect—the art of the priest at its highest.

The voice stopped. The Greek lady whispered a question. "What is your name?"

"Edmonds", I whispered back.

"No, no. Your first name."

I gave it. The priest, informed in his turn, continued the service, and I realised for the first time that my curiosity concerning the relics had been interpreted as a desire to make some supplication to Spiridione, and that the service was being specially held on my account.

It ended. My companions stepped up one by one on to the platform, crossed themselves, stooped and kissed that part of the saint—the foot, I think—which was exposed by the open panel, touched the saucer containing the leaves, crossed themselves again, and with bent heads and every ○○○ appearance of extreme piety resumed their places. I whispered to the Greek lady, "Must I do it too?" "It is just as you like", was the reply. An effort seemed called for, and I made it. Stepping on to the platform, I stooped and put my head into the opening, saw a shapeless lump of